A VERIE EXCELlent and delectable Comedie,

INTITVLED

PHILOTVS.

Wherein we may perceiue the great inconve*niences that fall out in the mariage* betweene olde age and youth.

OVID.

Si qua voles apte nubere, nube pari.

EDINBVRGH,

Printed by Andro Hart, *and are to be ſolde at his Buith* on the North-ſide of the gate, a litle beneath the Croſſe. ANNO DOM. 1612.

The Argument.

PHILOTVS an olde rich man, is enamoured with the loue of *Emilia*, daughter to *Alberto*, who being refuſed, imployeth a *Macrell* or pandrous to allure her thereto, but all in vain: afterward he dealeth with her father *Alberto*, who being blinded with the mans wealth, vſeth firſt faire words, & thereafter threatnings to perſwade her thereto: the mayde ſtill refuſeth. In the meane time *Flavius* a young man enters in conference with the mayde, and obtaineth her conſent, who being diſguiſed, conveyeth her ſelfe away priuilie with the ſaid *Flavius*. Her father and *Philotus* ſearches for her in the houſe. *Philerno* the maydes brother laitlie arryued out of other countries, (being verie lyke her) is miſtaken by her father & *Philotus*, to be *Emilia*, who takes the perſon of his ſiſter vpon him: and after diuerſe threatnings of his father, conſenteth to marrie *Philotus*: and ſo *Philotus* committeth *Philerno* to the cuſtodie of his daughter *Briſilla*, vntill the mariage ſhould he accompliſhed. *Philerno* faines himſelfe to *Briſilla*, to be transformed in a man, and ſo maketh himſelfe familiar with her. Thereafter, *Philerno* is maried to *Philotus*, who fearing to be diſcouered, maketh a brawling that ſame night with *Philotus*, and abuſeth him vyllie, & to colour the mater the better, agreeth with a whore to go to bed with *Philotus*. *Flavius* ſeeing the ſuppoſed *Emilia* to bee maried to *Philotus*, imagines the right *Emilia* to be a deuill, and, after many conjurations, expelleth her his houſe, ſhe returneth to her father *Alberto*, acknowledging her miſbehauiour, and lamenting her caſe. *Flavius* being ſent for perceiuing how he had miſtaken *Emilia*, reuealeth the whole trueth, and ſo taketh her homeagane to his wife, & *Philerno Briſilla*. In the end *Philotus* bewaileth his follie for purſuing ſo vnequall a match, warning all men to beware, by his example.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

Philotus the olde man.	verſe 1
The Pleaſant.	4
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A VERIE EXcellent and delectable Comedie *intituled*. PHILOTVS.

Philotus directs his speich to *Emilia*.

1 LVstie lonesome lamp of licht,
Your bonynes your bewtie bricht:
Your staitly stature trym and tricht,
With gesture graue and gude:
Your countenance your collour cleir,
Your laughing lips your smpling cheir,
Your properties dois all appeir,
My senses to illude.

2 When I your bewtie doe behold.
I must vnto your fairnes fold:
I dow not flie howbeit I wold,
Bot bound I must be yours:
For you sweit hart I wald forsaik,
The Empryce for to be my maik:
Therefore dear doue some pitie take,
And saue me fra the showres.

3 Deme na ill of my age my dow,
Ile play the yonkeris part to yow,
First try the trueth, then may ye trow,
If I minde to desaue.
For gold nor geir ye sall not want,
Sweit hart with me the rer's be na scant,
Therefore some grace vnto me grant,
For courtesie I craue.

4 Pleasan

4 Pleaſant. Ha, ha quha brocht thir kittockshi-
The mekill feind receiue the fither: (ther,
I trow ye was not all together,
This twel-month at a preiching,
Allace I laugh for lytle lucke,
I laugh to ſee an auld Carle gucke:
Wow wow ſa fane as he wald fucke,
Fra he fall till his fleitching.

5 Now wallie as the Carle he caiges,
Gudeman quha hes made your muſtages?
Lo as the boy of foureſcoir ages,
As he micht not be bidden.
Came ye to wow our Laſſe, now lachter,
Ye are ſa raſch thair will be ſlachter,
Ye will not ſpair nor ſpeir quhais aucht hir,
Ye are ſa raſhlie ridden.

6 Emily. I wait not weill ſir quhat ye meine,
Bot ſurelie I haue ſeindill ſeine,
Ane wower of your yeeres ſa keine,
As ye appeir to be.
I think a man ſir of your yeires,
Should not be blindit with the bleires:
Ga ſeik ane partie of your peires
For ye get nane of mee.

The auld man ſpeakes to the Macrill to allure the Madyn.

7 Gude Dame I haue you to employ,
Sa ye my purpoſe can conuoy:
And that yon laſſe I might inioy,
Ye ſould not want reward:
Giue hir this Tablet and this Ring,
This Purſe of gold and ſpair nathing:
Sa ye about all weill may bring,
Of gold take na regaird.

8 Macrill. Na ſir let me and that alane,
Suppoſe ſhe were maid of a ſtane,
Ile gar her grant or all be gane,,

To be at your command:
Thoch ſhe be ſtrange, I think na wonder,
Blait things are ſoone brocht in a blunder,
She is not the firſt ſir of an hunder,
That I haue had in hand.

9 I am a Fiſche I am an Eile,
Can ſtirre my tongue and taile right weill,
I giue me to the mekill Deill,
Gif onie can do mair:
I can with fair anis fleitch and flatter,
And win a Crowne bot with a clatter,
That gars me drinke gude wine for watter,
Suppoſe my backe ga bair.

The Macrill intends to allure the Maydin.

10 God blis you Paiſtres with your Buike,
Grace on theſe lips that I on luik:
I hope in God to ſee you thrik,
A noble houſe at hame,
I ken a man into this towne,
Of hyeſt honour and renowne,
That wald be glaid to giue his gowne,
For to haue you his Dame.

11 Emily, Now be my ſaull I cannot ſee,
That there ſik vertue is in me.
Gud wyfe, I pray you what is he,
That man whom of ye meine?
Macrill. Philotus is the man a faith,
Ane ground rich man and full of graith,
He wants na iewels claith nor waith
Bot is baith big and beene.

12 Well wer the woman all hir lyfe,
Had hap to be his weddit wife,
She might haue gold and geir as ryfe
As Copper in her kiſt:
Yea not a Ladie in all this Land
I wait micht haue mair wealth in hand,

Nor

Nor micht haue more at her command,
To doe with what she list.

13 Fair floure now sith ye may him fang,
It wer not gude to let him gang,
Unto your selfe ze'ile do greit wrang,
Sweit heart now and ye slip him:
Now there is twentie into this toun,
Of greitest riches and renoun,
That wald be glaid for to sit doun,
Upon their kneis to grip him.

14 Thoch he be ould my ioy what reck,
When he is gone giue him a geck,
And take another by the neck,
When ye the graith haue gottin:
Shew me your minde and what ye meine:
I sall conuey all this sa cleine,
That me ye sall esteeme a freind,
When I am deid and rottin,

15 Emily. I grant gude wyfe he is right gude,
A man of wealth and noble blude,
Bot hes mair mister of an Hude,
And mittanes till his handes,
Nor of a bairnelie lasse like mee,
Mair meit his Oye nor wyfe to be,
His age and mine cannot agrie,
Quhill that the world standes.

16 Macrell. Let that allane, he is not so old,
Nor yet of courage halfe so cold,
Bot if ye were his wyfe, ye wold,
Be weill eneugh content:
With him mair treitment in one day,
And get mair making off ye may,
Nor with a Wamphler suith to say,
When twentie yeires are spent.

17 Ye neither mell with lad nor loun,
Bot with the best in all this toun,

His

His wife may ay sit formest doun,
At either boorde or binke:
Gang formest in at doore or zet,
And ay the first gude-day wald get,
With all men honourit and well tret,
As anie hart wald thinke.

15 See what a womans minde may mease,
And hear what honour wealth and ease,
Ye may get with him if ye please,
To doe as I deuyse.
Your fyre shall first be burning cleir,
Your Madynis then shall haue your geir,
Put in good ordour and effeir,
Ilk morning or you ryse.

19 And say, lo Mistres heir your Mooles,
Put on your Wylicote for it cooles,
Lo heir one of your Veluete stooles,
Whereon ye shall sit doun:
Then twasum cummes to combe your hair,
Put on your head geare soft and fair,
Take there your glasse sée all be clair,
And so gois on your gowne,

21 Then take to stanch your morning drouth,
A cup of Mauesie for your mouth,
For fume cast succour in at fouth,
Togidder with a toste:
Thrée Garden goups take of the Air,
And bid your Page in haste prepair,
For your disione sum daintie fair,
And cair you for no coste.

21 A pair of Pleuaris pyping het,
A Partridge and a Quailzie-get,
A cup of Sack sweit and well set,
May for a breckfast gaine,
Your Cater he may cair for syne,
Sum delicate again ye dyne,

Your

Your Cuke to season all sa fyne,
Than does employ his paine.

22 To sée your seruants may ye gang,
And luke your madynis all amang,
And if there onie wark be wrang,
Then bitterlie them blame,
Then may ye haue baith Quaffis and Kellis,
Hich Candie ruffes and Barlet Bellis,
All for your weiring and not ellis,
Maid in your house at hame.

23 And now when all thir works are done,
For your refreshing after noone,
Gar bring vnto your chalmer soone
Sum dantie dish of meate:
Ane cup or twa of Muscadall,
Sum vther licht thing thair withall,
For rasins or for Capers call,
If that ye please to eate.

24 Till supper tyme than may ye chois,
Vnto your Garden to repois:
Or merelie to take a glois,
Or tak a buke and read on:
Syne to your supper ar ye brocht,
Till fair full farre that hes bene socht,
And daintie dishes deirlie bocht:
That Ladies loues to feid on.

25 The Organes then into your hall,
With Shalme and timbrell sound they shall,
The Viole and the Lute withall,
To gar your meate disgeast:
The supper done then vp ye ryse,
To gang a quhyle as is the guyse,
Be ye haue rowmit an Alley thryse,
It is a myle almaist.

26 Then may ye to your Chalmer gang,
Begyle the night if it be lang.

With talke and merie mowes amang,
To eleuate the ſplene.
For your collation tak and taiſt,
Sum lytill light thing to diſgeſt,
At night ble Renſe wyne ay almaiſt,
For it is cauld and clene.

27 And for your backe I dare be bould,
That ye ſhall weir euen as ye would,
With doubill Garniſhings of gould,
And craip aboue your hair:
Your Veluete hat, your Hude of ſtaiſt,
Your myſſell when ye gang to gaiſt.
Fra Sunne and wind baith air and laiſt,
To keip that face ſa fair.

28 Of Pareis warke wrocht by the lane,
Your fyne Half-cheinies ye ſhall haue:
For to decore ane Carket craue,
That cumlie coller bane:
Your greit gould Cheinie for your neck,
We bowſum to the carle and beck:
For he hes gould anewch what reck,
It will not ſtand on nane.

29 And for your gownes ay the new guyſe,
Ye with your Taillours may deuiſe,
To haue them louſe with plets and plyes,
Or claſped cloſe behind:
The ſtuffe my hart ye neid not haine:
Pan Veluet, rayſde figurit or plaine,
Silk, ſatyne, Damaſe or Drograine.
The tyneſt ye can finde,

30 Your claithes on cullours cuttit out,
And all paſmentit round about,
Wp bleſſing on that ſæmly ſnout,
Sa weill I trow ſall ſet them:
Your ſhankis of ſilk your veluet ſhoone,
Your borderit Milicote aboue,

As ye deuyse all shall be done,
Uncraued when ye get him,

31 Your Tablet by your hals that hings,
Gold bracelets and all other things,
And all your fingers full of Rings,
With Pearle and precious stones,
Ye shall haue ay quhill you cry ho,
Heapes of gold and jewels jo,
What reck to take the bogill-bo,
My bonie bird for once.

32 Sweit hart what further wald ye haue?
What greiter pleasour wald ye craue?
Now be my doull yee will deceaue
Your selfe if ye forsake him:
Therefore sweit honie I you pray,
Take tent in time and not delay,
Sweit sucker doe not say me nay,
Bot be content to take him.

33 Pleasant The deuill cum lick that beard ould (rowdan,
Now see the trotibus and trowane,
So buselie as she is wowane,
See as the carling craks:
Begyle the barne she is but young:
Shame fall these lips, God nor that tongue,
Were double gilt with nourish dongue:
And ill cheir on these cheiks.

34 Emily. Gwde-wyse all is bot gwde I heare,
Fo weill I loue to make gwde cheare,
For honours, gould an other geare,
They can not be refusit:
I grant indeid, my daylie fair,
Will be sufficient and mair,
Bot be it gwde, ye doe not spair
As royallie to rule it.

35 I grant all day to be well tret,
Honours gnew and high bylet,

But what intreatment ſhall I gat,
I pray you in my bed?
But with a lairbair for to ly,
An auld dead ſtock both cald and dry,
And all my dayes may I deny,
That he my ſhanks ſhed.

36 His eyes halfe ſunken in his head,
His Lyre far colder then the lead,
His frostie flesh as he wer dead,
Will for no happing heat:
Unhollsome holting euer mair,
His filthie flewme is nathing fair,
Ay rumbling with rift and rair,
Now wow if that be weit.

37 His ſkinne hard clappit to the bone,
With gut and grauell both ouergone,
Now when theſe troubles hes him tane,
His wyfe gets all the wyte.
For Venus games I let them go,
I geſſe hee be not gud of they,
I could weill of his maners ma,
If I liſt till indyte.

38 Macrell. For Venus game cure not a cote,
Waill me a Wamfler that can voit,
Sith there may be no other bait,
Plate one his head an horne:
Handle me that with wit and skill,
Ye may haue ealments at your will,
At nicht make young men cum you till:
Put them away at morne

39 Emily. God-wyfe: all is bot vains ye ſeik,
To me of ſik maters to ſpeike,
Your purpoſe is not worth a leik,
I will heare you no more.
Marke Dame, and this is all and ſome,
If euer ye this earand come,

Or of your head I heare a mum,
Ye ſall repent it ſair.

40. Macrell. Yon daintie Dame ſhe is ſa nyce,
Shé'ill nocht be win be na deuyce,
For neither prayer nor for pryce,
For gold nor vther gaine.
Shé is ſa ackwart and ſa thra,
That with refuſe I come her fra,
Shé, be Sanct Marie ſayndé me ſa,
I dare not ga againe.

Philotus enters in conference with the maidens Father.

41. Gude Goſſe, ſen ye haue euer bene,
My trew and auld familiar friend,
To make mair quaintance vs betwene,
I gladly could agrée:
Ye haue a daughter whom vntill,
I haue an paſſing great gude will,
Whoſe Phiſnomie preſigures ſkill,
With wit and honeſtie.

42. Giue me that Laſſe to be my wyfe,
For Tocher-gude ſhall be na ſtryfe,
Beleeue me ſhe ſhall haue a lyfe,
And for your geare I cair not:
Faith ye your ſeiſe ſhall moditfie,
Her Lyfe-rent Land and conjunctfie,
And Goſſop, quhaire ſhe ſame ſhal be,
Appoynt the place and ſpair not.

43. Betwixt vs twa the Heiris-male,
Shall bruik my heritage all haill,
Which if that they happen to faill,
To her heires whatſoeuer.
My moueables I will diuyde,
A part my dauchter to prouyde,
A part to leaue ſum friend atyde,
When death ſhall vs diſſeuer.

44. Alberto. Gude ſir and Goſſop, I am glaid,
That

That all be done as ye haue said,
Take baith my blessing and the Mayd,
Hame to your house togither:
And if that she play not her pairt,
In onie lawfull honest airt,
And honour you with all her heart,
I wold she gaid not thither.

Alberto speiks to his Dauchter.

45. For thée a man I haue foreseine,
A man of might and wealth I meine,
That staitlier may thée susteine,
Nor onie of all thy kin:
A man of honour and renown,
One of the Potents of the town:
Quhair nane may beinlier sit down,
This Citie all within.

46. Emily. God and gude nature does allow,
That I obedient be to yow,
And father hitherto I trow,
Ye haue nane vther seine:
And als esteimis you for to be,
A louing father vnto me,
Therefoir deir father let me sée,
The man of whom ye meine.

47. Alberto. Philotus is the man indeid,
Where thou a nobill lyfe may leid,
With whom I did sa far proceid,
We want bot thy gude will:
Now giue thy frée consent therefoir,
Deck vp and do thy selfe decoir,
Gang quickly to and say no moir,
Thou must agree theretill.

48. Emilie. If ye from furie wold refraine,
And patiently heare me againe.
I should you shew in termes plaine,
With reason an excuse:

Sith Mariage bene but thraldome free,
God and gode nature does agree:
That I where as it lykes not mee,
May lawfullie refuse,

49 I am fourtene, and he fourescore,
I whole and sound hee sicke and sore,
How can I giue consent therefore,
Or yit till him agree?
Iudge if Philotus be discreit
To seeke a match sa farre vnmeit,
Thogh I refuse him father sweit
I pray you pardon mee,

50 Alberto. Howd durst thou strumpet be so bold
To tant or tell that he is old,
Or durst refuse ought that I wold,
Haue bidden thee obey:
But sith ye stand so litill aw,
Ile make you mistres for to knaw,
The Impyre parents hes by law,
Abone there Childzen ay.

51 And heir to God I make a vow,
Wot if thou at my bidding bow,
I shall thee dresse and hearken how,
And syne aduyse thee better:
I shall thee cast intill a pit,
Where thou for yeir and day shall sit,
With bread and water surelie knit,
Hard bound intill a fetter,

52 Thou sat so soft vpon thy stooll,
That making of maid thee a fooll,
Bot I shall make thy courage cooll.

For

For all thy stomack stout.
That afterwards while that thou liue
Thou's be agast me for to griene,
Perchance thou greins that play to prieue,
A duyse thee and speake out.

15 Emily Sweit father mitigate your rage,
Your wraith and anger sir asswage,
Haue pitie on my youthlie age,
Your owne flesh and your bloode
If in your yze I be ouerthrowne.
Whom haue ye wraikit but your owne
Such crueltie hes not bene knowne,
Among the turkes so rude.

54 The sauage beastes into there kynde,
There young to pitie are inclinde,
Let mercie therefore moue your minde,
To her that humblie crues:
Take vp and lenifie your yze,
Suspend the furie of your syze,
And grant me leasure I desyze,
A lytill to aduyse.

FLAVIVS.

THe raging low, the fierce and flamming fyze,
That doeth my breist and body all combure,
Intendit with the dart of greit desyze.
Fra force of these two sparking eyes full sure,
Hes me constraynit to cum and seik my cure,
Of her, fra whome proceidit hes my wound,
Whom neither salue nor syrop can assure,
Bot onely she can make me saif and sound.

56 Lyke

56 Like as the captiue with a tyrane taine,
Perforce with promeis tossed to and fro,
When that he seis all vther graces gaine,
Must succour seik of him that wrocht his wo,
So must I fold to my most freindlie fo,
To seik for salue of her that gaue the sore:
To pray for peace, though rigour bid me go,
To cry for mercie, when as I may no more.

57 So sith ye haue me captiuate as thrall,
Sith ye preuaill, let pitie now haue place:
Haue mercie sith ye Mistres are of all,
Grudge not to grant your supplicant sum grace:
To slay a taine man war but shame allace,
Fra that be cum voluntarlie in will:
Sith I am mistres, in the selfe same cace,
A thrall consenting pitie were to spill.

58 What meruel thoch poore I with loue opprest
Confes the force of the blind Archer Boy,
How was Apollo for his Daphne drest,
And Mars amasit his Venus to enioy,
Did not the thundering Iupiter conuoy,
For Danae him selfe into a showre,
The Gods aboue sith loue hath maid them coy,
Unto his law then why sould I not lowre?

59 As taine with one nor Daphne mair decoir
Whose vult to Venus may comparit be:
And bene in bewtie Danae before.
Suppose the God on hir did cast his eye:
Whose graces to hir bewtie does agrie,
And inwhose fairnes is no follie found,
What meruell Mistres then suppose ye see,
With willing band me to your bewtie bound.

60 Whose bricht conteining bewtie with the beames
Na les all vther pulchritude dois passe,
Nor to compair a cloude with glansing gleames,
Bricht Venus cullour with a landwart las.

The

The whytest laike bot with the blakest ashe,
The rubent rose bot with the wallowit weid.
As purest gold is pretiouser then glasse,
Your bewtie so all other does exceid.

61 Your hair like gold & like the Pole your eye
Your snawith cheiks lyk whytest Alabast,
Your louesome lips sad, soft, and sweit wer sie,
As roses red when that a showre is past:
Your tongue might make Demosthenes agast,
Your teith the peirls might of their place deprive
With Vallis of Indian Ebur at the last,
Your Papes for the prioritie does stryue,

62 And lyke as when the stamping seale is set
In way well wrocht whill it is soft I say,
The print thereof remayning may ye get,
Suppose the seale it selfe be tane away.
Your semelie shape so shall abyde for ay:
Which throw the sight my senses hes receauit,
Though absent ye, yit I shall night and day,
Your presence haue as in my heart ingrauit.

63 Though fansie be not of a figure fainit,
No figure feids where there is no effect:
Euin so sweit soull I perish but as painit,
With fansie fed that will no fasting breck
Suppose I haue the accident what reck,
Grant me the solide substance to atteine
If not, when ye to-deith shall me direct.
Whom but your awne haue ye cõfounded cleane?

64 Last, sith ye may my maladie remeid,
Releiue your Sisiphus of his restles stone,
Your Titius breast that dois full rykely bleid,
Grant grace thereto before the grip be gone:
Cum stanche the thrist of Tantalus anone,
And cure the wounds giuen with Achilles knyfe,
Accept for yours fair Mistres such an one,
That for your sake dare sacrifice his life,

65 Em. Your oration sir sounds with such skill,
In Cupides court as ye had bene vpbrocht:
Or fosterit in Parnassus forkit Hill.
Where Poets hes their flame and furie socht,
No taisting of sweit Helicon for nocht.
As be your pleasant preface dois appeare:
Tending thereby, whill as we haue no thocht,
To make vs to your purpose to adheare:

66 With loning language tending till allure,
With sweit discourse the simple to ouersyle.
Ye call your craft, your cunning and your cure,
Bot poore Orphanes and Maydins to begyle,
Your waistit out words, inuentit for a wyle,
To trap all those that trowes in you no traine,
The frute of flattrie is bot to defyle,
And spred that we can neuer get agane.

67 Ye gar vs trow that all our heads be cowit,
In prayfing of our bewtie by the Skyes:
Whē with your words we are no more bot mow-it.
This way to sée if vs ye may surprise,
Your double heart does euery day deuyse,
A thousand shifts was neuer in your thought.
Ye labour thus with all that in you lyes,
For till vndo, and bring vs all to nought.

68 And this conceate is common to you all,
For your owne lust ye set not by our shame,
Your sweitest words are seasonit all with gall,
Your fairest phrase, disfiguris but defame,
I think therefore they greitly are to blame,
That trowes in you more nor the thing they sée,
Bot I, whill that Emilia is my Name,
To trow I shall like to Sanct Thomas be.

69 Fla. For feir sweéte mistres what remeid?
Who may perswade where there is dreid?
Pit deme ye wrongoussis indeid,
Now by my soule I sweir:

your

Your honour not your shame I seik,
I count not for my luik a leik,
It was not such thing Mistres meik,
That made me to come heir.

70 This is my sute ye shall me trust,
Judge ye your selfe if it be iust,
In honest loue and honest lust,
With you to leid my lyfe:
This is the trueth of my intent,
In lawfull loue but only bent,
Anyse you if ye can consent,
To be my wedded wyfe.

71 Emily. Sir surely if I vnderstude,
Your meaning for to be as gude,
I thinke in one we sould conclude,
Before that it were long.
I am content to be your wyfe,
To loue and serue you all my lyfe,
Bot rather slay me with a knyfe,
Nor offer me a wrong.

72 Bot sir, one thing I haue to say,
My Father hes this other day,
In mariage promist me away,
Vpon ane dead old man,
With whome thoch I be not not content,
To none other he will consent,
Make to therefore for till inment,
A conuoy, if you can.

73 Lykewayes you must first to me sweir.
That ye to me shall do no deir,
Nor shall not come my bodie neir,
For villanie nor ill.
Ay whill the nuptiall day shall stand,
And further sir, giue me your hand,
With me for to compleit the band,
And promise to fulfill.

74. Flavius. Haue there my hand with all mine heart,
And faithfull promise for my part,
No tyme to change while deaths d art,
Put to my lyfe an end:
But be na husband traist and trew,
For no suspect that once shall rew,
But readie ay to do my dew,
And neuer to offend.

75. Emilie. All day whereto the trueth to tell,
I dare not with that matter mell,
But yet I sall deuise my sell,
A shift to serue our turne:
For keiping strait both lait and air,
Unsent-swyth may I neuer fair,
Make I a mint and do na mair,
I may for euer mourne.

76. When I haue vnbethoght me thryse,
I can no better way deuyse,
But that I must me disagyse,
In habite of a man.
Thus I but danger or but dout,
This business may bring about,
In mans array vnknowne passt out,
For ought my keipers can.

77. Therefore ye shall goe and prouyde,
A Pages cloaths in the meane tyde,
For all occasions me beside,
Against I haue ado:
Let me enow as they list me call,
Or whatsoeuer me befall,
I hope within thrie dayes I shall,
Come quyetly you to.

78. Flavius. By my owin meanis I sall atteine,
And send to you thois cloaths vnclene,
Connoy let see all things so clene,
That neuer man suspeck:

I will wait on my ſelfe and méet you,
To ſée your new cloaths how they ſet you,
The Carle that hecht ſo well to treat you,
I thinke ſhall get a geck.

79. Emilie. I haue won narrowlie away.
Yon Carle halfe put me in affray,
He lay in wait and waiting ay,
In changing of my claiſ,
Sir, let vs go out of his ſight,
Sith I am frée, my friend gude-night
He lookes as all things were not right,
Lo yonder where he gais.

80. Flavius. My onely loue and Ladie wyte,
My darling deir and my delyte,
How ſhall I euer thée requyte,
This great gude will let ſee:
That but reſpect that men callis ſhame,
Nor hazart of thine owne gud name,
For bute, for blaſphemie nor blame,
Hath venturit all for me.

Stephano Albertois ſeruant.

81. Walter, full far I haue you ſought,
And full ill newes I haue you brought,
The thing allace, I neuer thought,
Hath happened you this day:
Your daughter ſir (ye had but ane)
A mans cloathes hath on her tane,
And quyetlie her earand gane,
I can not tell what way.

82. I wondered firſt, and was agaſt,
But when I ſaw that ſhe was paſt,
I followed after wonder faſt,
Yet was I not the better:
She ſhifted hath her ſelfe aſyde,
And in ſome houſe ſhe did her hyde,
Nay ſir, what euer ſhall betyde,
It will be hard to get her.

83. Alberto. Fals putane hath she played that (sport
Hath she me handled in this sort?
To God I vow come I athort,
And lay on her my hands.
I shall her an exampill make,
To strumpets all durst undertake,
For to commit so foull a fact,
While that this Citie stands.

84. Vyle vagabound, false harlot whore,
Had she no shame, tooke she no care,
Of Parents that her got and bare,
Nor blod of whom she sprang:
All honest duetie to despyse,
And lyke a man her disagyse,
Unwomanlie in such a wyse,
As gudget for to gang.

85. False miskant, full of all mischiefe.
Deceitfull traitour, common thiefe,
Of all thy kin caired not the griefe,
For fleshly foull delyte:
Who sall into such strumpets trust?
Whose wicked wayes are so unjust,
And led with lewde licentious lust,
And beastlie appetyte.

86. Philotus. O ser uncertaine, fraile and fals,
Dissimulat and deceitfull als,
With honie lips to hold in hals,
But with a wicked mynde:
Whom will doeth mair nor reason moue,
Nor lecherie nor honest loue,
Nor harlotrie nor gude behoue,
Unconstant and unkynde.

87. In whome a shew, but no shame sinkes,
That one thing sayes and other thinkes:
One eye lookes up, an other winkes,
With fair and fained face.

Yet

But Gossip go, while it is grene.
For to seik out who hath her sene,
If of her moyen we get a mene,
It were an happie grace.

88. Philerno. Good sirs, is none of you can tell
In what streit doeth Alberto dwell,
Or by what signe I le know my sell.
God brethren all about:
For though I be his Sonne and heyre,
I know him not a myte the mair,
And to this toun doeth now repair,
My father to finde out.

89. Alberto. Yea harlote, trowit thou for to skip,
Sith I haue gotten of thée a grip,
By Christ I shall thy nurture nip,
Right sharpely or we shed:
For God nor I rare in a raip,
If euer thou from my hands escaip,
While I haue pulled thée lyke a Paip,
Where none shall be to red.

90. Philotus. Rage not good gosse, but hold your (toung
The lasse but bairnlie is and young,
I wold be laith to wit her dung,
Suppose she hath offended.
Forgiue her this one fault for me,
And I shall souertie for her be,
That instantly she shall agrée,
That this slip shall be mended.

91 Philerno. Father I grant my whole offence,
These cloathes I haue tane to gae hence,
And if it please you to dispence,
With these things that are past:
These bygone faults will ye forgiue,
And after father while I liue,
Againe I shall you neuer griene,
While that my lyfe may last.

92. Shew

92 Shew me the maner and the way,
And I your bidding shall obey,
And neuer shall your will gane say,
Wot be at your command:
Alb. This fault heir frelie I forgine thée,
Philotus is the man relieues thée,
Or other wayes I had mischieuit thee,
And now gine mæ thy hand.

93 This is my ordinance and will,
Gine thy consent Philotus till,
To marie him and to fulfill,
That Godlie blissit band,
Phil. Father, I hartlie am content,
And hereto gines my full consent,
For it richt fair wald me repent,
If I could you gainstand.

94 Phi. Heir is my hand my darling doue
To be ane faithfull spous to you,
Now be my soull Gollop I trow,
This is a happie meiting:
This mater gosse is so weill drest,
That all things are comde for the best,
Wot let vs set among the rest,
A day for all compleiting.

95 Alb. A moneth and no longer day,
For it requyres no greit delay,
Take there your wyfe with you away,
And dle hir as ye will:
Phi. Forsuith ye shall go with me hame,
Where I shall keip you saife fra shame,
Vnto the day or then me blame,
That ye shall hame none ill.

96 Ple. Who euer saw in all their life,
Two cappit Cairles make such a fryfe,
To take a young man for his wyfe,
Yon cadgell wald be glaid:

The

The leind receiue your feckles front,
Put doun thy hand and graip her cunt.
The Carle kens not he is so blunt,
If she be man or maid.

67 Olde guckes the mundie she is a gillie,
She is a Colt tooll, not a fillie.
She wantes a doue but hes a pillie,
That will play thee a passe:
Put doun thy hand dane carle and graip,
As they had wont to cheise the Paip,
For thou hes gotten a iolie iaip:
Inrlikenes of a Lasse.

Philotus speakes to his Daughter Brisilla.

98 Brisilla daughter mine giue eare,
A mother I haue brocht thee here,
To me a wife and darling deare,
I thée command therefore,
Hir honour, serue, obey and loue,
Worke ay the best for her behoue,
To please her sée thy pairt thou proue,
With wit and indeuoure.

Philotus to his new bryde.

99 Vse her euen as your owne my doue,
Keip her for she shall ly with you,
Whill I may lawfullie adow,
To lay her by my syde:
Phil. I shall your daughter husband sweit,
No les nor my companioun treit,
And follow both at bed and meit,
Whill that I be a bryde.

Philerno to Brisilla.

100 How does the wheill of Fortoun go,
What wicked weard hes wrought our wo:
Brisilla yours and mine also,
Unhappilie, I say:
Our fathers both hes done agrie,

That I to yours, euen as ye sie,
And ye to myne shall maryed be,
And all vpon one day.

101. Hard is our hap and luckles chance,
Who pitieth vs suppose we pance:
Full oft this matter did I skance,
But with my selfe before:
I haue bene threatned and forfitten,
So oft that I am with it bitten,
Invent a way or it be witten,
And remedie therefore.

120. Brisilla. Sistres allace for such remead,
That suchis purpose should proceid,
I wold wish rather to be dead,
Nor in that maner matched:
What aillit you Parents to prepair
Your Childrens deip continuall cair?
Your cruell hands why did ye spair,
First vs to haue dispatched?

103 Unnaturall fathers now wherefore,
Wald ye your daughters thus deuore:
For your vaine fantasies sarre more,
Nor anie gude respect:
Is it not doittrie hes you dreuin,
Haiknayis to seik for haist to heauen,
I trow that all the world euen,
Shall at your guckrie geck.

104 Solace to seik them selues to sa,
One myre to misse they fall in ma:
They get but griefe when as they ga,
To get their greitest game:
And wee young things tormentit to,
Where dafking does vs so vndo,
If they be wyse there doings lo,
Will signifie the same.

105 Philerno It profitis not for to compleine,

Let

Let vs forsee our selues betweene,
How we this perrell may preuene,
And saue vs from their snares:
If that the gods, as they well can,
Wald me transforme intill a man,
Wee two our selues sould marie then,
And saue vs fra their cairs,

106 Bri. Wake you a man? that is bot mowes,
To think thereon your grief but growis,
For that deuyse de uill haid it dowes,
Sith it can neuer bee:
Philerno. Why not? if that with faith we pray,
For oft the gods as I heard say,
Hes done the like and yet they may,
Perchance till vs agrie.

107 That Iphis was a mayd we reid,
And so did for his prayer speid,
For berie reuth the Gods indeid,
Transformed her in a man:
Pigmaleons prayer purchaist lyke,
Unto his new eburniall wyfe,
Whose hands had caruit hir with a knyfe,
With visage paill and wan.

108 Why may not now als weill as then,
The Gods conuert me in a man,
The lyke if that my prayer can,
I surely will assay,
Most secreit gods Celestiall,
Ye michtie mouers greit and small,
And heauinly powers one and all,
Most humblie I you pray,

109 Loke downe from your impyre abone,
And from your heich triumphant Trone,
Till vs pure soules send succour sone,
Of your most speciall grace:
Behold how wé pure Padynis murne,

For feare and loue how baith wee burne:
Therefore intill a man me turne:
For till eschew this eace.

110 Behold our parents hes oppreſt,
And by all dew their Daughters drest,
With vnmeit matches to moleſt,
As ſillie ſoules ye ſee:
Therefore immortall Gods of grace,
Grant that our prayers may take place,
Conuert my kynde, this carefull eace
With ſolace to ſupplie.

111 Ple, A faith perfumit with fyne ſolie,
And manie vane word ala-bolie,
Thy prayer is not half ſo holie,
Houſe-lurdane as it ſeemes,
But all inventit for a wyle,
Thy bedfellow for to beguyle,
The bony laſſe but to deſyle
No doubtnes that demes.

112 Briſilla. Siſtres what now? me think ye dreame,
Or els to be in ſowne ye ſeeme,
She lyes as deade, what ſhall I deeme
Of this vnhappy chance?
She will not heare me for no crys,
For plucking on ſhe will not ryſe.
Sa larbair-lyke loe as ſhe lyis,
As raueſk in a trance,

113 Philerno. O bleſſed deitie diuine,
Moſt happie conuent, court and tryne,
That does your glorious eares incline.
Our prayers for to heare,
We render thankes vnto you all,
For hearing vs when that we call:
And ridding vs frow bondage thrall.
As plainlie does appeare.

114 I am a man Briſilla ſo,

And with all neceſſaries thereto,
May all that anie man may do,
I ſhall make you conſider:
Now ſith the gods aboue hes broght,
This wondrous worke and hes it wroght,
And granted all euen as we ſoght,
Let vs be glaid togither.

115 Bri. Now ſith the gods hes ſuccour ſent
And done euen as we did inuent,
My ioy I heartlie am content
To doe as ye deuyſe,
Throw Gods decreit my only choiſe:
In mutuall loue we ſhall reioyſe,
Our furious fathers both ſuppoſe:
They wold ſkip in the ſkyes

116 Philotus. My done ſuppoſe I did delay,
Now come is our ſweit nuptiall day,
Therefore make haiſt ſo that we may,
In tyme come to the kirk:
Philerno Go when ye liſt ſir, I am readie,
There's a guſehead, for by our Ladie,
I wes your ſonne and ye my Dadie,
This morning in the mirke.

117 Miniſter I doubt not but ye vnderſtand:
How God is authour of this band,
And the action we haue in hand,
He did himſelfe out ſet:
To that effect all men I meane,
Might keip there bodyes pure and cleane,
Fra Fornication to abſteine,
And Children to beget.

118 Bot ſithſ the matter comes athort
Each vther day, I will be ſhort,
And does the parties both exhort,
To charitie and loue,
Take heir this woman for your wyfe,

Keip

Keip lone and cherish her but stryte,
All other als terms of your life,
Saue her ye shall remoue:

119 Take for your spous Philotus then,
Obey and lone him as ye can,
Forsake for him all other man,
Whill death doe you dissever,
The Lord to sanctifie and blisse you,
His grace and fauour als I wish you,
Let not his lone and mercie misse you,
Bot be with you for euer.

Flauius coniuration.

120 O mercie God how may this be:
Yon is indeid right Emilie.
In forme of her in sight I sée,
Sum deuill hes me defauit:
I will in haist therefore gang hame,
Expell yon spreit for sin and shame,
And to tell me the owne right name,
For Gods cause I will crave it.

121 The Croce of God, our Saviour swoit
To saue and kepe me fra thee spreit,
That thou no hap haue for to meit
With me in all thy lyfe:
In Gods behalfe I charge thee here,
That thou straik in my heart no feare.
Bot passe thy way and do no deare,
To neither man nor wyfe.

122 Firſt I coniure thé by Sanct Marie,
By Airish King and Queene of Farie,
And by the Trinitie to tarie:
Whill thou the trueth haue tauld:
By Christ and his Apostles twell,
By Sanctis of heuin and hewes of hell,
By old Sanct Austian him sell,
By Peter and by Paull.

123 By

123 By Mathew, Marke, by Luke and Iohn,
By Lethe, Stix and Acherone
By helliſhe furies euery one,
Where *Pluto* is the Prince:
That thou depairt and do no wonder
By lichtning whirle winde, hayle nor thunder,
That beaſt nor bodie get no blunder,
Nor harme when thou gois hence.

124 Throw power I charge thee of the Paip,
Thou neither girne gowle glowme nor gaip,
Lyke ankerſadle lyke vnſell Aip,
Lyke Owle nor aliſh elſe,
Lyke fyrie Dragon full of feare,
Lyke Warwolfe, Lyon, Bull nor Weare,
Bot pas thou hence as thou come here,
In lyknes of thy ſelfe.

125 E. God-man what meine ye? ocht but good?
Who hes you put in ſik a mude?
Before I neuer vnderſtude,
The forme of your coniuring:
Fla. I charge thee yit as of before
Pas hence and trouble me no more,
Trowdes thou to draw me ouer the ſcore,
Fals feind with thy allaring?

126 E. God-man what miſters all thir mowis
As ye war cumbred with the cowis,
Ye are I think lyke Iohn of Lowes,
Or one out of his mynde:
Flauius, in Gods behalfe I thee beſæch,
Impeſh me not with word nor ſpeich,
Ill Spreit, to God I me beteich,
Fra thee and all thy kynde.

127 Pleſant, Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,
The feind reſaue the laughers a,
Which is the wyſeſt of vs twa,
Pan whither thou or I?

Fle

Flemit fool, hes thou not tint thy teill,
That takes thy wyfe to be a deill,
Thou is far vaneſt I wait weill,
Speir at the ſtanders by.

128 Flauius. I charge thé zit as I haue elſe,
By holie relickes, Beides and belles:
By Hermites that in deſert dwelles:
By Limitoris and Tarlochis.
By ſweit Sanct Steuin ſtonde to the dead,
And by Sanct John his holie head,
By Merling, Rymour and by Beede.
By witches and by warloches.

129 By Sanct Maloy, by Moyſes Rod:
By Mahomet the turkiſh god,
By Iulian and Sanct Elous nod,
By Bernard and by Bryde.
By Michaell that the dragon darg,
By Gabriell and his olde ſong,
By Raphaell in time of throng,
That is to be as guyde.

130 Emi. My loue, I thinke it verie lyke,
That ye war right as lunatyke,
Ye ſeare, ye fray, ye ſidge, ye ſyke,
As with a ſpirit poſſeſt:
What is the matter that ye meane?
What gars you braid? where haue ye bene?
What ailes you ioy? what haue ye ſéne,
To rage with ſik vnreſt?

131 Fla. What haue I ſéne? ſais hound of hell,
I trowit when I did with thé mell,
Thou was richt Emily thy ſell,
Not an incarnate Deuill.
Bot I richt now with my awne éine,
Richt Emily haue marvit ſéine,
So thou muſt be a ſpirit vncleane,
Lord ſaue me from thy euill.

132 Be vertue of the holie Ghoſt,
Depairt out of mine houſe in haiſt,
And God whoſe power and might is maiſt,
Conſerue me fra thy cummer:
Gang hence to hell or to the Farie,
With me thou may no longer tarie,
For why? I ſweare thée by Sanct Marie,
Thou's be nane of my number.

133 Philer. Cauſe vth this hous for it growis lait
Huſband I haue for to debait:
With you a lytle of eſtait,
Before we go to bed:
Sith I am young and yee are old,
My courage kene, and ye bot cold,
The one muſt to the other fold,
A faith before we ſhed.

134 Philot. We will not for the maiſtrie ſtrine,
We muſt grie better and we thryue,
Philer. Mo be my ſoull wee's wit beline,
Who gets the vpper hand.
Indeid thou ſhall beare me a beuell,
For with my neiues I ſhall thee neuell,
Old cuſtrone Carle tak there a reuell,
Then do as I command.

135 Phi. I ſée it cummes to cuffes the man,
Ile end the play that thou began,
That victorie thou neuer wan,
That ſhall be boght ſo deare:
Ha mercie, mercie Emilie,
Take ye the maiſtrie all for me,
For I ſhall at your bidding be,
And ſlay me not, I ſweare.

136 Ple. Wel clapit burd when will ye kiſſe?
Old fooll, the feind reſaue the miſſe:
Ye prowit to get ane burd eſtiſſe,
To haue one of thir Maggies.

What think ye now? what is the cace,
Now ze'ill do it all alace alace,
Now grace and honour on that face,
Quod Robein to the Haggies.

137 Philer. Then hecht in haist therefore that (thou,
Shall readie at my bidding bow,
What euer I do thou shall allow,
My fansie to fulfill.
So gang I out so cum I in,
So if I waist so if I win,
What euer I do make ye no din,
Bot let me worke my will.

138 Thou may not speir the cause and why,
When that I list not with you ly,
What I thée bid and thou deny,
Wée will not weill agrée:
When that I please forth to repair,
Speir not the cumpanie nor where,
Content thy selfe and make no maire:
I must thy maister be.

139 Philo. I am content when and how soone
All till obey that ye inioyne,
That ye command it must be done.
There is no other buit:
Philer. What is your pryce Damesell fair,
What take ye for a nights lair?
Huir, Ye shall a crowne vpon me spair,
Bot whom with shall I do it?

140 Philer: Ile get a man haue heir a croun,
Bot be weill strange when ye ly doun,
Make nyce and cause the larber loune,
Beleeue ye be a mayd:
Huir. The youngest Lasse in all this Citie,
Shall byde no more requeist nor treitie,
Ile cry as I wer hurt for pitie,
When I am with him laid,

141 Em. Now ſith my Huſband hes done ſo,
But cauſe for to put me him fra.
I will vnto my father go,
Before his feit to fold.
Father ſo far I did offend,
That I may not my miſſe amend,
And am ouer peart for to pretend,
Your daughter to be cald.

142 Alber. Lament not, let that mater be,
Thy faults are buriet all with me,
Betwixt thy huſband now and thee,
Is anie new debait?
Em. I know of none, bot he indeid,
Hes put me fra him what remeid?
And will no more ſuch fosters feid,
He ſayes of mine eſtait.

143 Alb. What is the mater that ye meane,
Againſt all order clair and cleane,
Shute bame your wyfe that hes not bene,
Wit fyne dayes in your aught,
Is this a pleaſant godly lyfe,
To be in barrate, ſtrif and ſtryfe,
The feiud wald faine man be your wyfe,
Can neuer ſit in ſaucht.

144 Philo. Knew ye the trueth gudman I trow
Yir labour ye ſhould not allow,
Luke all my face behold my brow,
That is both blak and bla.
Alb. It may well be, I ca not tell,
That ſhe durſt with that mater mell,
Let hir make anſwere for her ſell,
To ſee if it be ſo.

145 Daughter gaue I thee this command,
That thou thy huſband ſould ganeſtand
How durſt thou whore him with thy hand,
Put to the point of felling,

Em. That were great wrong sir, if so be,
But he no Husband is to me.
Then how could we two disagree,
That never had no melling?

146. Alberto No melling Mistres? wil ye than?
Deny the mariage of that man,
In face of holie Church? who can
This open deed deny?
Emily Let reason sir with you prevaill;
Condemne me not first in the faill,
Before that ye have heard my taill,
The trueth then may ye try.

147. Now this is all that I wold say,
That Flavius tooke me away,
About a Moneth and a day,
Drest in a Marlets weed,
With whom I have bene ever still,
An other Emilie ay and whill.
Ye saw you gine Philotus till,
And then in verie deed,

148. Supposing me a devill of hell.
With cruell conjurations fell,
Did me out of his house expell,
As with a Bogill based:
As one out of his minde or marred.
He hath me of his house debarred,
I can not tell what hath him skarred,
Or hath the man amased.

149. Alberto. This purpose gosse, appears to me,
So wonder nyce and strange to be,
That we to wit the veritie,
For Flavius must send:
Sir if ye could declair us now,
How long this woman was with you,
And all the maner when and how,
We wold right gladly kend.

150 Flavius. So far Alberto as I know,
I shall the saith vnto you shaw,
When I your Daughters bewtie saw,
I offerit her goode will:
Accepting then the promise maid:
Cled like a boy but more abaid,
Fra you dissaitfullie she staid,
And come myne house vntill.

151 Where I her keipit as my wyfe,
Tret, louit and cherist her for lyfe:
Whill afterward fell out a stryfe.
Thir maters all among:
For plainly in the Church I saw.
This man become your sonne in Law,
I did therefore perfytely know.
My Emilie was wrong:

162 And that her spirit some shape had tane,
Sith Emilies there was bot one,
I therefore to that Ghost hes gone,
Coniuring her my sell:
And fra my house expellit her to,
This woman seimes for to be she,
Sensyne I had no more ado,
With that false feind of Hell.

153 Philot. Now Flauius I wait right weill,
Sith on of them must be a Deill:
My maiglit face makes me to feill.
That myne must be the same:
For why right Emilie is yours,
And that incarnate Deuill is ours,
I gat, ye may see be my clours,
A deil vnto my dame.

154 Philer. Heir I am come to red the stryfe.
For I am neither Deill nor wyfe:
Bot am an young man be my lyfe,
Your Sonne sir and your Air,

Whom

Whome ye for Emilie haue tane,
And wald not firs let me allane,
While ye saw what gatt it is gane,
I can tell you no moze.

155 Philo. A man, allace, and harmitay,
That with my only Daughter lay,
Syne dang my sell, what shall I say,
Of this vnhappie chance?
Vane I not maid a berrie blocke,
That hes for Jennie marpit Jock?
That mowit my daughter for a mocke,
The Deuill be at the dance.

156 Allace I am for euer shamit,
To be thus in my eild defamit:
My daughter is not to be blamit,
For I had all the wyte,
Ould men are twyse bairnis I persaue,
The wyfell will in wowing raue,
I for my labour with the laue,
Am driuen to this despite.

157 Alb. Quod golle your wraith to pacifie,
Sith that there may no better bee,
I am content my sonne that hee,
Shall with your daughter marie:
Philer. I am content with hart and will,
This mariage father to fulfill,
What neids Philotus to think ill:
Or yet this weird to warie?

158 Fla. Be frolick Flavius and faine,
To get thy Emilie againe,
To deme my dolw was I not vaine,
That thou had bene a Spreit,
Now sith I am fred fra that feare,
And vaine illusion did appeir,
Welcum my darling and my deir,
My sucker and my sweit.

159 God

159 God sirs what is there mair ado,
Ilk youth his loue hes gotten lo,
Let vs therefore go quicklie to,
And marie with our maits.
Let vs foure louers now reioyce,
Ilk ane for to enioy his choise:
A meiter match nor one of thase,
For tender young effaits.

160 Let vs foure now all with one song,
With mirth and melodie among,
Giue gloir to God that in this throng,
Hes bene all our reliefe:
That hes fra thraldome set vs frie,
And hes vs placit in such degrie,
Ilk ane as he wald wish to be,
With gladnes for his griefe.

A song of the fours louers.

WEre Iacobs Sons moir ioyfull for to se,
The waltring wanes king Pharoes ill
Was Israell moir glaid in hart to be, (cõfound
Fred from all feir before in bondage bound?
When God thẽ broght frõ the Egiptian ground?
Was Mardocheus merier nor wee:
When Artaxerxes alterit his decree?

162 Was greater gladnes in the land of Grece,
When Iason came from Colchos home agane,
And conqueist had the famous golden Flece,
With labour long, with perrell and with pane,
The Father Æson was not halfe so faine,
To se his Sonne returning with such gloir:
As wee, whose mynds are satisfied and moir.

163 If anie ioy into this earth below,
Or worldlie plesour repute be perfyte.
What greiter solace shall ye to me shew.
Nor till inioy your heartes all whole delyte?
To haue your loue and lufe Lady whyte,

In whome ye may both night and day reioyse,
In whom ye may your pleasures all repose.

164 Let vs therefore sith euin as we wald wisse,
Reciprocklie with leill and mutuall loue,
As sleiting in the sludes of ioy and blesse,
With solace sing and sorowes all remoue,
Let vs the fruites of present pleasure proue,
In recompence of all our former pane,
And miserie wherein we did remaine.

Philotus.

165. Bot now aduert gud brethren all about,
That of my labour hes the successe seine:
Ye that hes heard this quhal discourse throughout
May know howkarre that I abusit haue bene.
I grant indeid there will no man me meene,
For I my selfe am authour of my griefe,
That by my calling should be caryit cleane:
With youthlie toyes vnto so greit mischeif.

166 If I had weyit my grauitie and age,
Rememberit als my first and auncient sait,
I had not sowmit in sik vnkyndlie rage,
For to discharge mine honour and estait,
What had I bought bot to my selfe debait,
Suppose the matter had cum then as I meanit:
Nay my repentance is not haist so lait,
As I had gotten the thing wherefore I greinit.

167 For though my folie did the Lord offend,
Yit my gud God hes wrocht all for the best:
And this rebuke hes therefore to me send,
All such vnordinate doings to detest.
Which sweit rebuke I recken with the rest,
From fatherly affection to proceide,
That others with lyke passions possest,
May learne by my exemple to take heid.

168 Sith age therfore sould gouernit be with skil,

Let

Let countenance accord with your gray hairs,
Ye auncients all, let reason rule your will,
Subdue your senses till eschew thir snairs,
If ye wald not incombred be with cairs,
Be maister ouer your owne affections haill:
For wholie all the praise is only theirs,
That may against such passions prevaill.

The Messenger.

169 God sirs now haue ye heard vs here reherse
Unworthie of your audience I grant,
Unformallie set out in vulgar verse,
Of waillit out words & learnit language skant
The Courteours that Princes halles do hant,
I wait will neuer for my rudenes ruse mee.
Bit my good will for to supplie the want,
I hope shall of your courteses excuse mee,

170 For passing well I haue imployit my pains
So that ye can be with the same content:
For due regaird good acceptance doth gaine,
And parties pleisit does mak the tyme wel spent
If God had greater learning to me lent,
I should haue shewed the same with as good will:
Blame ignorance that I did not inuent,
And search that might your fantasies fulfill.

171 Last, let vs pray to God with one accord,
For to preserue the persoun of our King:
Accounting ay this gift as of the Lord,
A prudent Prince aboue vs for to reigne,
Then gloir to God and prayses let vs sing.
The Father sonne and holy ghost our guyde,
Of his mercies vs to conduct and bring,
To Heuin for ay in pleasours to abyde.

FINIS.

XUM